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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, JULY 31, 1902. NUMBER 22

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL SKETCHING CLASS

Mrs. Hannah Johnson Carter's tentative announcement of a class from August 18th to August 29th is hereby made positive and definite. Mrs. Carter, Director of the School of Elementary Art Instruction, Chicago, will be on the ground on the above dates and the class will be organized. Those wishing to join are requested to correspond either with Mrs. Carter, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, or Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wis.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Tower Hill Summer School

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL WORK.

This School grew up around a "Six Years' Course in Religion" for Sunday School workers —now expanded into seven years. It has now reached the sixth year of the second time around, viz., the Growth of Christianity. This field was traversed in 1896 by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker. This year the work will be based upon stenographic reports of Mr. Jones's talks given before his Normal Class at All Souls Church, Chicago, and which he used in his Sunday School and Bible Classes during the year just closed. If the class so elect, instead of crowding the work into one week of an hour and a half sessions, it will be distributed through the five weeks, twenty-five half hours, from 10:30 to 11 o'clock, with an intermission of ten minutes before the poetry studies that will follow, shortened into one hour periods.

The Growth of Christianity.

Being the sixth years' work in the seven years' course in Religion. Stepping-stones across fourteen Christian centuries.

Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been because of those who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—George Eliot.

The aim will be to give a sympathetic view of the struggles of Christianity with ignorance and wickedness from the without, and fanaticism, bigotry and priest-craft from the within, from the close of the New Testament times to the beginning of the Reformation era.

Acknowledgment is made to Prof. F. A. Christie, of the Meadville Theological School, who furnished the first outline and list of books, also to Prof. Williston Walker, of the Yale Divinity School, and Prof. O. J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, for additional suggestions and comment that proved valuable in the preparation.

Maps, charts, pictures and stereopticon slides will be used as freely as possible.

I. Ignatius. d. 104-117.
"The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles."

II. Justin Martyn. d. about 163.
The casting of life into speculative systems. Gnostics, etc.

III. Origen. 185-253.
Early Christian philosophy.

IV. The Three Creeds. 325, 381, 451.
The great controversies.

V. The Emperor Julian. 331 (?)-363.
Dying Paganism at its best.

VI. Jerome. 340(?)-420.
The rise of monasticism.

VII. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
The dream of a Christian commonwealth.

VIII. St. Patrick. 396(?)-469(?).
The great missionaries—Ulfilas, Columba, Augustin, etc.

IX. St. Benedict. 480-553.
The "rule" of St. Benedict and its ideal.

X. Gregory I (The Great). 540(?)-604.
The rise of the papacy. Transition to mediaeval religion.

XI. Mohammed. 570-632.
The birth of a sister religion. Another triumph of monotheism.

XII. Charlemagne. 742-814.
Crowned Emperor 800. The founder of the "Holy Roman Empire."

XIII. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
The great English king; the father of English literature.

XIV. Hildebrand. 1020(?)-1085.
"A great politician, who knew how to use one power against another"—J. H. Crooker.

XV. Abelard. 1079-1142.
The rise of intellectual activity.

XVI. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
Abelard's antagonist. A stout Churchman who feared such a free use of reason.—Crooker.

XVII. The Legends of King Arthur.
The rise of chivalry and feudalism.

XVIII. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
A contagion of fanaticism. The permanent value of earnestness. Peter the Hermit. Children's crusades, etc.

XIX. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226.
The brother of the birds and fishes.

XX. Cathedral Building.
Examples—Strasburg and St. Davids.

XXI. Dante. 1265-1321.
Before this name the nations bow;
His words are for all of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow.
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.
—T. W. Parsons, on a bust of Dante.

XXII. Tauler. 1300(?)-1361.
"The Friends of God."

XXIII. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
The morning stars of the Reformation.

XXIV. The Black Death and Its Effects. Fourteenth Century.
Nature will not be trifled with.

XXV. Thomas a Kempis. 1380(?)-1471.
"The imitation of Christ."

XXVI. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
A study of persecution. The Waldenses.

XXVII. The University of Prague. 1438.
A study of schools. The rise of universities.

XXVIII. Columbus. 1446(?)-1506.
A new view of the world.

XXIX. Savonarola. 1452-1498.
Christianity in politics.

XXX. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
The Renaissance.

XXXI. More's Utopia. 1516.
A dream of a new social order.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1902. NUMBER 22

The Czar of Russia persists in doing unexpected things. He has now invited two hundred representative Russians of all ranks to come and express their opinions concerning the present crisis in Russian politics and how best to meet it.

The French government has appointed a woman secretary to its New York consulate. Mlle. Jeanne de Villeneuve is believed by the *Woman's Journal* to be the first woman to have received an appointment in the diplomatic service.

The many-handed David Starr Jordan has edited a series of "True Tales of Birds and Beasts" in the "Home and School Classic" series of the Heath Publishing Company. Gifted is the man who combines the scientific sense and the literary appreciation in his own person; happy is the age that produces such, and great will be the nation that follows the guiding of such men.

The Literary Digest for July 19 contains an interesting article entitled "The Persistence of Byron." He died seventy-eight years ago and still the definitive edition of his works is just about to appear from the John Murray press. But few are able to successfully separate the wheat from the tares in the literary gardens of the world, still fewer to separate the good from the bad in the same life. And still it needs but a little frank introspection to enable one to understand how the angel and the beast contend in every human heart, and it is a wasteful and hurtful discrimination that allows the transient beast to blur the features of the permanent angel, particularly when that angel is the great liberty-loving Byron angel.

The Ethical Record for July has a timely article on "Waste in Settlement Work," written by Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch. These wastes she classifies under three heads, viz., 1, Waste of space; 2, Waste of nervous energy; 3, Waste in transmission of the results of experience. Under the second head she says: "There is so much social life in a settlement, so much noise, and, above all, such a great variety in the life, drawing one rapidly from one thing to another, that before one realizes it the tension becomes too great." So steadily has the interest in settlement work grown, the settlement is such an important addition to the social forces that this word of sympathetic criticism from the inside should be carefully heeded.

The papers are making merry over the proposed visit of Aguinaldo to the United States now that President Roosevelt's amnesty proclamation gives him the freedom to go where and as he pleases. It will be a severe test of the ability, the diplomacy, and the wisdom of the fallen leader, but no severer test than history itself will ultimately apply. Let him come; let him be treated with becoming gravity and temperance, for should he prove larger or smaller than the pattern prescribed for him by friend or foe, the problems which he raised are the same, and the place of the Philippines on the political map of the future is to be determined by these general principles, not by the man who so heroically and skillfully, but unsuccessfully, led the attempt to establish another independent republic in the world.

John D. Rockefeller has endowed a Baptist church in Cleveland to the extent of one million five hundred thousand dollars. Here again Rockefeller has displayed wisdom in trying to consecrate his gains by putting them to high uses. It is said that running water purifies itself in a day's journey. Perhaps the stream of wealth can get rid of its taint in the same way. At least, we are strong in the faith that farther down the stream, when the money has separated itself from its speculative traditions, that which endows church and college will remain potent forces in the uplifting of the world. Certain it is that the church of the future, like the college of the future, will be an endowed institution, its increasing potency will be secured by increasing resources. Let not wealthy men deceive themselves. Their contribution to the religious life of the church and to instituted morality must become something more than an annual subscription to the salary of the one man whom they call their minister, however generous that contribution may be and however noble the minister may be.

A Prayer.

Thou Eternal Power and Love, in whose hands are all things, under whose care are all men, we thank thee for the progress of the world—that man has been rising, that light has been shining more and more clearly, that human conditions have been improving, that truth has been clearing itself from error, that justice and right have been gaining a larger sway, that the kingdom of heaven has been coming nearer through all ages. We thank thee for the great prophets and teachers whom thou hast raised up in many ages and lands to lead the world forward. Especially we thank thee for Jesus Christ, the light of whose teaching and life has illuminated all the ages since he lived. May his gospel of love purify and inspire our souls. We would be his disciples. We would let him teach us that God is our Father, and that all men are brothers. We would learn from him to do as we would be done by, and to love even our enemies. We would let him take us by the hand and lead us to the fountains of living water. Father, give us ever more the spirit of thy divinest Son. Amen.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The South.

On a line running east and west are the northern cities—Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo and New York. Some three hundred miles south of this line are the border line southern cities—St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Baltimore and Washington. About the same distance from these again are the middle states of the south—Tennessee and North Carolina, with Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, Knoxville and Asheville as the leading cities. Beyond these, and about the same general distances, are the southern states bordering on the gulf and the ocean—Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia and South Carolina—and the gulf and ocean cities—New Orleans, Mobile, Jacksonville, Brunswick, Savanna and Charleston.

Taking Chicago as a general center of the northwest, all these, excepting New Orleans, are southeast and rang along from three hundred and six hundred to a thousand miles or more distant. And all this is to say nothing of Arkansas, Texas and the whole large southwest; and of course there is beyond Chicago the great northwest.

Extending from ocean to ocean and over as many degrees of latitude; with its great mountain ranges, valleys and rivers and its vast wealth of timbers, soils and minerals, the millions of our large and wonderful country have a wide field from which to select their homes.

Naturally, these millions have largely followed along the lines of the great railways from east to west, and in this way the newer north has been settled more rapidly than the older south. The wonderful productiveness and the quick, easy cultivation of the vast prairie regions, have also added to the increasing populations.

And then, until after the Civil War, the south, in its industries and institutions was differentiated and stood apart by itself as the land of cotton and slavery. After the war this whole fair land found itself reduced to almost utter destitution; farms and fields had gone to waste; the property value of the slaves was gone, and half a million of the brave men had lost their lives in battle, or from wounds or disease were poorly able to work.

After such a long and terrible struggle, it was only natural that there should be bitter memories and strifes, and these were not lessened by the "Carpet-baggers" from the north who, in many cases, sought to exploit, rather than to conciliate and help those who in the stern arbitraments of battle had lost all.

But time is a beneficent spirit; as the years have gone by these battle-scarred fields have healed over, the old farms have been restored, and, thank God, the bitterness has been lost in the growing good will and reciprocities of industrialism, and in the common love of our country and our flag; and in this, the patriotism of the south is not less than that of the north.

Peace came first to the dead; the graves of the Blue and the Gray were alike honored, and then peace came to the living, the old soldiers who had fought with equal sincerity and bravery on either side, became friends in the work, the joys and sorrows of the one strange world and life of all.

Not in all history can be found the record of a nobler struggle to regain what had been lost, and out of the scattered remnants to gather up and rebuild their wasted fortunes, homes and country than that of the brave leaders and people of the south after our sad Civil War. And their success has been most remarkable. In the presence of tasks and difficulties, both social and economic, that seemed almost insurmountable, the south has gone forward, and is rising up in a new, material, intellectual and moral greatness. In no part of our country has the gain been so great as in the last twenty-five years; it will be still greater in the years to come. Booker Washington's great industrial school is solving the race problem, not upon the debated and dividing lines of race equality as a theory, but upon the practical lines of capability and ethical qualities. The soils, the timbers and minerals upon which all must work are the same for all. The laws of mathematics, of chemistry, of mechanics and of life forces are the same. There is not one moral law for the black man and another for the white man; justice is the same for all, in this and all worlds. It is simply a question of doing the most and the best work, and living the noblest life; and as the colored people rise in the scale of intelligence and morality, of being and doing, they will find their place in the social order; and the laws will be equally just to all.

The general public interest in education in all the Southern states was never so great as now. In a broad and beautiful spirit the men of large wealth in the north are pouring out the money to help in this noble work; there is coming an enthusiasm—an educational revival that promises to soon place good schools within the easy reach of every child, black and white.

The South is today the great and greatest open field for the people; for the rich and the poor. For those of larger means and affairs, there are the vast mineral resources, the timber, and the mountain ranges for cattle. For those of little means there are the farm lands and smaller industries of manufacturing. The trusts have not as yet monopolized the South; the chances for individual enterprises are abundant; the many in the North who are renters, tenants—hired men, may in the South easily become owners of farms and other branches of labor or business.

The South offers a wide range of climate, soil and scenery. The Appalachian range of mountains running through the middle states is grandly beautiful in the heights, and descends with varying and gentle scenes to the uplands and valleys. The hard woods grow far up in the mountains—great trees, not called such by courtesy as we often have to do in the Northwest, but great in size, height and beauty. In the lower lands grow in abundance all the grasses, grains, vegetables and fruits common to the Middle North.

In the farther South, nearing the gulf and ocean, the mountains disappear; the country is generally level with gentle rises and occasionally broken bluffs; the hard woods are mostly left behind; but everywhere here are abundant and beautiful pine forests and the great variety of more tropical growths. The grasses of the North do not grow; corn and other grains are less productive; but the Bermuda grass and the cow pea are rich in nutritive properties and easily grown; and the Casava, a large root growth, is coming into use and promises to be of great value.

In these gulf states the fine seuppernong grape is indigenous, frows naturally, and when put under culture all that is needed is a strong support for the vines, no trimming or care; nothing but to gather the grapes when ripe; and the bearing time will average fifty years. Blackberries and huckleberries are abundant, grow wild; and millions of bushels go to waste every year. No finer peaches and pears can anywhere be found; the trees are of much longer life than in the North and the yield is large and ready for the market in early June. Some ten years ago, just as this industry was becoming general, a disease known as the "scale" suddenly appeared and was very destructive; many gave up in despair, but those who persevered are gaining the mastery. The promise now is that this destroyer will be exterminated. The growth of melons of all kinds is almost fabulous; garden vegetables are easily raised.

Apples do not grow in the gulf states; but in the Middle South—Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina,

this king of all the fruits, and of the finest varieties and qualities finds its most congenial home; the trees live long and bear regularly and largely.

The Irish potato grows abundantly in these Middle States, and also in the northern part of the gulf states; and of the finest that can be anywhere raised; also the sweet potato, while in the farther South the yam, a kind of large soft sweet potato, and generally much used and liked, is plentiful and cheap.

Along with the soil and scenery the one great and greatest fact is that of climate; it enters into, is a fact and factor in everything else.

In the North, the changes are so great, and the seasons so short, life is a continuous hurry to do the necessary work and get ready to go from one into the other. In the spring no time can be lost; crops must be sowed and planted; then comes the hurry of harvesting in the summer; and the fall is busy getting ready for the long winter; the heavier clothing must be ready, and through the dreary months homes must be kept warm, and the stock sheltered and fed. For more than half of the year an artificial climate must be created.

In the Middle South all this is changed. There are the four seasons; the desiduous trees shed their leaves in the longer and gentler autumn, the frosts come, and in December the mild winter, lasting till February, and then the opening spring, moving on to the summer. There is less hurry; life is more uniform and restful; scarcely a day in the winter that is too cold to work out doors with comfort. Two crops can be regularly grown; stock need little shelter and food, ond for only a short time are fires needed in the home.

This is in the Middle South, while farther down in the gulf states there is still less winter. There is not a month in the whole year that some form of gardening or farming may not be done.

It is hardly possible to estimate this wealth of climate; the relief from the continuous fight against the cold—the fight to live at all; and the pleasure of not being shut up, but having the great glad free out-of-door world in which to move and live without fear. It is escape from so much worry, anxiety, and even suffering; it is the happiness, the joy of feeling that great Nature is now found and carrying you along in her restful arms.

And with all this there are naturally the better conditions for health and longer life. With the everywhere abundance of pure air, and the best water; with the sunshine, the gentle skies, the cool nights, and the generally more restful surroundings, the many who have to fight to live at all in the severer laitudes, may here find improved health, live not only in comfort but in the gladness of being.

It is no uncommon thing to meet those in the South who came broken in health, and with but limited means, and are now well and living in comfort on their little farms. An old gentleman told me he came South twenty years ago to die; he is now ninety and looks to be hardly eighty. Experienced physicians say that those coming to this milder climate at the age of fifty or sixty will generally add at least ten years to their lives.

There is a wide range from which to choose; the low marshy lands away from the gulf should be avoided; the heat is oppressive, and malarial diseases prevail. But there is yet abundant room along the lines of the great Southern Railway where farms with fair improvements can be bought for ten dollars an acre; but the South is a growing country and prices must advance. When the agricultural products of the United States were $3,000,000,000; of that amount the South produced $1,220,500,000. The wealth of the Southern states in 1880 was $6,448,000,000; in 1890 it was $9,920,000,000. Probably not over one-third of this vast region is under cultivation; and only in the last few years has the immense mineral wealth been largely developed.

Mobile, as a seaport, and Birmingham, as the center of the great iron industries, must naturally grow to be large cities; Birmingham is very young, but has a population of near 100,000, with large hotels, fine churches, public library, most excellent schools and beautiful homes. Pensacola has a magnificent harbor and is a large lumber shipping center. For beauty and health, De Funiak Springs—the Southern Chautauqua town—can hardly be excelled. Atlanta is a new Chicago in enterprise and push; it is already exporting largely to the European markets.

The cotton industry used to be the one main reliance; it is still and will continue to be, a large factor; but it is in the many other agricultural and manufacturing interests and possibilities that the South is to become increasingly great. With these will be the delights of a restful climate, beautiful scenery, good health and longer years. H. W. Thomas.

Anecdotes of Carlyle.

In a paper in the July *Century*, James D. Hague records these recollections of a visit to Thomas Carlyle in company with Professor Tyndall and Rear Admiral Raymond Rodgers. The talk touched mainly upon topics of the day. I remember that there was some discussion concerning the revised version of the scriptures, in which work a commission of eminent scholars and theologians was at that time engaged. Carlyle seemed to regard the undertaking with but little favor. He thought it useless and said he believed the old familiar version would retain its place with the common people. Little good was to be hoped for from the new. "One thing is certain," he said, "every man who helped make the old version believed that unless he did his whole duty he would be eternally damned, while not a single one of the new lot believes anything of the sort."

Early in the conversation Carlyle, apparently interested in the personality of his visitors, turned to me with an inquiry touching my vocation and career. I told him I was a practical geologist, especially concerned in mining pursuits.

"What do you mine for?" he asked.

"Gold and silver," I replied.

"Gold!" he exclaimed. "You mine for gold! That's a good-for-nothing pursuit. The biggest gold nugget ever found was never half so useful to the world as one good mealy potato."

I sought to defend my position by saying that many a good mealy potato and many other things of equal value has since grown in California and elsewhere which never would have grown at all if the way had not been opened by those who went there first to seek for gold. This did not seem to change his mind; but when we came away, he went with us to the door, asking after several friends in America and sending personal greetings; and at last, turning to me and placing his hand on my shoulder, he said, as nearly as I can now recall his words, "Young man, don't let anything I have said to you tonight change your mind about your work. Do your work industriously and stick to it faithfully, and all will be well in the end."—*Boston Transcript.*

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit.—*Margaret Fuller.*

THE PULPIT.

Chapel Addresses.

By Edward Everett Hale.

Delivered before the University of Chicago, May, 1902.

I.

Some one has said, and said very truly, that the Lord's prayer contains the whole Christian religion. This being the case, I would suggest that some of those persons who are never able to define Christianity would save themselves trouble by committing the words of the prayer to memory or by writing it out and carrying it around in their pocket-books. If we really know what we are talking about when we say, "Our Father, who art in heaven," then we know that we are God's children. As I said on Sunday morning, we are not merely creatures of God; a grain of sand, an acorn, is a creation of God; but we are God's children, and, when we choose to go to work with him, we have his omnipotence. I do not say that man cannot go to work without him. He can. A man can paddle up stream if he wants to do so; but the current may be stronger than the man, and he is likely to be carried down stream. But if a man chooses to work with God, as I have just said, he may share in God's omnipotence. We may be omnipotent as long as we borrow our omnipotence. Now this relationship of God with man suggests that there is but one law for the universe. There is no single law for this place and another law for that place; one law of electricity and another of light. All laws are one law, and we know that this law is the present wish of God.

What I have been trying to say to you young people this week is an expression of the great gain we have in this business of handling omnipotence if we go to work in the open air. I have a feeling that "open air" is the one great gospel of our time; and I have also a feeling that the tendency of college life, books, libraries, classrooms, laboratories, etc., is all on the other side. They produce the idea that we would rather live in these prisons which we call homes, or in these cells which we call classrooms, than to be out in God's open air, under God's blue sky, made for all of God's great universe.

I told the boys at Amherst a few years ago that I would give them three practical rules of life, of which the first one is, to live in the open air all you can. And I did not mean merely that life in the open air would strengthen the muscles or keep them free from disease, or make spring medicines wholly unnecessary at any time. I leave all that to the doctors. I meant that they would be more men than they could be by yielding to the temptation to shut themselves indoors. And what do I mean when I say "more men," or "more women"? Why, I mean that you will be nearer to God if you use infinite forces more and finite forces less. This it is to be a child of God. This it is, when you pray in the morning, to say "Our Father" with meaning, not simply to repeat two words which have come down to you by tradition. It is the desire for larger life that draws us to the university; the wish that life shall be larger on the ninth day of May than on the eighth day of May, larger this month than last month, larger next year than this year. When we came here we knew that the life of a son or daughter of God is a life drawing constantly nearer, and nearer, and nearer to the Father, gaining more of the Father's light and life and strength. We know that a person who does not gain strength with every passing day, who is the same tomorrow that he is today, is less a child of God tomorrow than he is today. This is what we are for: Larger things tomorrow than today, larger life next year than this year.

I am eager to impress upon you this principle of life in the open air because such life may be devoted to the practice of the presence of God as life indoors cannot be. I do not say that the reader, the student of David's Psalms and Browning's poems, cannot bring himself thereby nearer to God; but I do say that the man who reads all day at the end of the day will probably find himself in a less close communion with God than the man or woman who has spent the better part of the day in the open air.

I quoted to the ladies yesterday that fine sentence of Kant's, in which he says that there are two things, and only two things, worthy of the undivided attention of man as a child of God—one, the struggle of a good man with adversity and the other the question of what lies beyond the farthest star. The best conception of infinity which you and I can have comes to us first, I suppose, in the effort to answer that question; at all events, in the upspringing and framing of that question, What is there beyond the farthest star? No person need to take such a walk as I took last night without feeling that intercourse with God which enters the soul as one goes into the infinite, as one remembers that he and that farthest star are one with each other, that the inhabitants of that star and he himself are living by one law, the law of honor, of truth and of faith. The same thing may happen in the plucking of a dandelion from the roadside. You may pluck the dandelion to put it in your buttonhole and to throw it away when faded; or you may, in picking the dandelion, enter into the presence of and communion with the God who gives you the dandelion, who is glad to give it to you, who enjoys the pleasure it gives you to pluck it, who gave the flower its life. You may make every act and feeling bring you closer to the God who is and whose child you are. I cannot bring to mind any man or woman whose life is enlarging who is not putting himself or herself into this communication with life, into this condition of touch with nature. A friend of mine used to say that we must learn to spell nature with a large N and life with a large L. We must not speak of them as outside things, but as living presences in the midst of which we live, and more, and have our being. And it is for this reason, almost for this reason only, that the study of natural science plays so important a part in the development of life. You will not find that the great leaders, the persons whom we are glad to follow because they know how to lead, are people who have shut themselves up in prisons called houses. The Isaac Newtons and the Darwins have done this. But Jesus, who told us to consider the lilies of the field, is the leader of modern civilization.

PRAYER.

Even so, great God, take us as thine own children and lead us. Show us thine own handiwork and talk to us about it. Show us, Father, what we can do in this great universe outside, wherein it is our place and our joy to lift up that which is cast down, to aid those who are blind, to carry this blessed gospel of thine to those who are of mankind. We ask it as they blessed children. Amen.

II.

The text of this week, as I believe you know, is *Together*. I put it to the undergraduates in the military phrase, that they must touch elbows with the rank and file; and I ventured to tell even the young ladies last Monday what is meant by the advance of the regiment front, when everybody touches elbows with the sergeant on the extreme left. And so in speaking to a body of men who are going to be ministers one cannot help remembering that the center of Christian ethics and of modern life is in the text where the Savior says: "Whosoever will be great

among you, let him be your minister," certainly not meaning that he was to be ordained in this way or that, but meaning that he was to be their servant. The meaning of that word is changed in the English, so that now we only speak of a minister as the man who serves in the highest relations, between man and God. But that is merely a change in the language, and the Revised Version has done its best to restore the word into the department of universal service—"Whosoever will be great among you shall be your bondservant," as if "bondservant" were a stronger phrase for service than "minister." We ministers are so fortunate that we can touch elbows with the rank and file and shake the hand of every sort and condition of man more easily than any one else. When a man of great wealth undertakes to be on friendly terms with one of the rank and file he is looked at with a certain suspicion, as if he had some axe to grind. But a minister must be in easy touch with everybody. He must understand the language of the people, and the people must understand his language, and he must not let anything in the fact that he is ordained separate him from the simplest. To use the common phrase, he must not be "stuck up." I should go so far as to say that our preaching oftentimes is "stuck up." When we speak of the "doctrine of evolution" and "the survival of the fittest," or any of those fine phrases of our last century, as if everybody understood what they were, I think it is rather hard on Mary Flaherty, the washwoman, who has dressed herself up to the tone required by our grand church arrangements, that she might come in and hear a discourse on that subject. I remember, when I was in England, after struggling to find our Unitarian chapel, we found the place at last, and found a fine young fellow of twenty-five years of age in the pulpit. We heard a fine ritual and singing by a choir in surplices, but when this young man got up to preach he told us that we probably did not know that, in the essay of Spencer upon thus and so, Spencer had made a very gross mistake with regard to this and that, and that the Lord God had sent this young gentleman into the world for the purpose of discovering this error, and he would spend this half hour in discussing this mistake of Spencer. This chapel was the fine old chapel in which Dr. Watts had officiated, and in which his hymns were written and first sung; and one could not help wondering if Isaac Watts would have got up and said that John Locke had made a mistake in the second chapter of his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and he would devote the time to the discussion of this error.

I wish to discuss the subject of sermons and how Sunday should be spent. I would like to say this to any one of you that you won't be in the ministry six months before you will be willing to write me a letter saying that you have learned from some fisherman or some sun-burned old tar who has just come back from the sea things you have never learned in your four years of college life, or even in this seminary. The healthy touch of the people—that is the thing needed before one can understand what the Savior means when he tells us to go out and preach this gospel to all the world. He did not say, Preach it to the people who will pay $15 a year for a seat in your church. He did not say, Preach it to the women who know the difference between an ostrich feather and a turkey feather. He meant it that we should be in touch with everybody that the good God has sent into the world. I told the other day a story which is sufficiently ridiculous to fix it upon every one's memory. I have forgotten the name of the book—you will find it in the libraries — written by a man very high in the feudal system of England, in which he explains about the Savior's choice of his apostles. Peter was a fisherman, it is true, and Andrew was a fisherman; but Tiberias was a large Roman garrison, and it may very well be that Peter and Andrew were both contractors for the daily supply of fish at the garrison; and, therefore, it need not be supposed that Peter was an ordinary poor fisherman—it may very well be that he was a government contractor. Don't ever preach any such stuff. Don't ever suppose that the man in the front pew who has a contract to be delivered to the government is of any more importance than poor Mary Flaherty, the washwoman.

If I had a class I should say, Never be philological in a sermon—never say the Hebrew or the Greek requires this or that, to show how much you know. Say that in a quarterly journal, perhaps, but never in a sermon. And let your language be simple. Take the word *sociology*, or *aphorism*, or *solidarity*—all of them technical words which have recently come into use, not words belonging to the language of the people. Even the word "patriot" is put into Johnson's dictionary with a bad meaning. He defined it "a man who pretends he is devoted to his country." The change in the style of sermons is a sign of the great advance the church has made in the last century. Take down the sermons of the beginning of the last century and you will find that they are addressed to individuals. The great effort of our day is all in the plural number, as Jesus said "Our Father," not "My Father," and made us pray to the Father of the universe. The church in all its branches is insisting upon this, that God has made of one blood all the nations. That is the keynote of the preaching with which you are trying to uplift the people.—Reprinted from the *University Record*, Illinois.

Our Theological Schools.

A year ago Rev. W. W. Fenn, of Chicago, was called to the most important chair in the Harvard Divinity School. Now the efficient secretary of our Western Conference, Rev. F. C. Southworth, has been called to the presidency of the Meadville Theological School. The "wise men of the east" no longer have a monopoly on the positions of scholarship and responsibility.

The selection of the president of the Meadville School is, in my opinion, the most important event of the decade for the future of that phase of religious life expressed by our Unitarian churches. The Meadville school is coming, more and more, to be the regular source of supply for our pulpits.

Meadville has called to its presidency a young man, who has won the confidence of all who know him, for scholarship, administrative ability, and insight into the needs and demands of the ministry. Under his administration we trust this school will occupy the very important place in our twentieth century religious life it deserves to fill.

The theological schools of the country are in a transition period, and it has become a habit among liberal ministers of various names to speak disparagingly of them. We shall find this a disastrously expensive habit. These schools need our kindest sympathy during this critical change, not our scorn. Now, if a minister is especially anxious to prove his "up-to-dateness" he indulges in some far fetched joke at the expense of our theological school.

The theological schools must stand the test of severe and honest criticism as all other institutions must. It is not criticism that I am criticizing—it is those nasty little flings that are simply an expression of the unhealthy egotism of the one giving expression to them.

Oftentimes these little gibes are the only mention one hears at our conferences of the existence of a theological school. How are these allusions interpreted by

the young men and the young women, who are debating in their minds the very serious question of fitting themselves for the ministry?

I have met a number of young people during my short experience who have told me that they were just on the point of entering the Meadville school at one time, but backed out at critical moments and gave themselves to other pursuits. I have discovered also that on the whole it was the superior young man and woman who backed out. This is certainly a condition of things we want to overcome.

Oftentimes I believe the cause of this may be traced to the indifference if not the direct antagonism which they see in the attitude of ministers toward our schools.

All normal institutions and organizations are, I suppose, a hindrance to the development of "genius." Genius points the finger of scorn at them, but it does not by any means follow that all who point the finger of scorn are geniuses.

Our source of ministerial supply comes from the ranks of the ordinary—those who make their way upward by industry and hard work through the normal channels. We cannot depend upon "genius." If we want more of the young men to turn their talents to the work of the ministry, we must direct them to the normal channel—the theological school.

If at the time when I was lying awake nights trying to decide whether I should make the venture of fitting myself for the ministry—when it seemed almost a life and death matter to me—if I had attended a conference and heard nothing in regard to our theological training schools but a few flippant derogatory allusions, I should certainly have abandoned my ambition at once. The theological school was the only avenue by which it was possible for me to enter the ministry. I do not believe I am an exception in this regard.

If all our ministers were deeply interested in our schools, and felt that they were responsible for their success or failure, as they are, they could no more sneer at them than they could sneer at their own children.

Our schools should be given a place on our conference programs. Our congregations should be made familiar with them, and then the young man and young woman would be made to feel that they were worth while. They would not back out so often when they contemplated entering the ministry. I have resolved henceforth that I shall never allow anything that is said in my presence derogatory to Meadville to go unchallenged. E. Stanton Hodgin.

Humboldt, Iowa.

A bit of sky, reflected in yon muddy pool
That mirrors tints both blue and white, and yet but part
Of all the dome above displays,
May bid the downcast eye look up
And feast its gaze on all the bright array.
The pool scorns not to do its lowly task
Because its waters are not clear and sweet,
But yields its poor endowments to the use
Of mighty powers, content but to be used.

Ah soul, why halt unwillingly,
Why cast aside unused thy slender powers
And idly wait for mighty gifts to come!
Use that thou hast in glad humility,

Smooth let the waters of thy spirit lie,
Nor ruffled by thy indecision be.
Great thoughts clear imaged there say God is near,
That in the human soul that waits His will,
Love, like the sky o'er bending, lives again.

Jessie Augusta Pratt.

Elmore Co., Idaho.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XLII.

The Feeling of Saul Toward David.

It is not often that a young lad has the courage to go out and face a giant such as Goliath. What is more, it is not often that a lad has the self-reliance by which he could continue to the end, after he had started out. Many a person might think he could do it until the time came; but just at the moment when he had to face the danger he might be overcome by fear and not go ahead and fight.

But David was another kind of a person. As I have told you, he had self-reliance, partly because of the kind of work he had to do, and partly because of the way he had behaved in his earlier years. All his good conduct in former times now meant a great deal, because it was owing to that conduct and the character it had given him that he was now able to be perfectly calm when he went out to kill Goliath.

Just think what an excitement this must have made in the camp of the Israelites! They themselves, the grown men, had all been afraid; so that one man among the Philistines had been enough to scare a whole army, including Saul, the king. And now a young lad had been more brave than a whole army.

Saul himself wanted to find out who this brave boy could be, where he came from and who his father was. He had not met many boys like this. Then, too, there had been something so manly and yet so modest in the way David had behaved in the presence of the king that Saul felt that he would like to have a boy like this become one of his soldiers. As we are told: When Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said unto Abner, the captain of the host: "Abner, whose son is this youth?" And Abner said: "As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell." And the king said: "Inquire whose son this stripling is." And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistines, he was brought before Saul, with the head of the Philistine in his hand.

This must have been a strange sight—the young lad walking in before the king, carrying a huge sword almost as tall as himself which he had taken from the giant, and with the head of the giant in his hand. Even Saul must have been astonished and almost afraid in the presence of David. But David was modest still, in spite of what he had done.

And Saul said to him: "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" And David answered: "I am the son of thy servant Jesse of Bethlehem."

This was all that was said between him and the king at that time—not a word more. Each one looked at the other, but kept his own thoughts to himself. David must have been pleased with the king Saul, I am sure, for Saul was a tall and handsome man, almost a giant himself.

But something else took place just at that moment, that I want to tell you about. It seems that over at one side in the great tent where this meeting happened between Saul and David, there was standing a young man not much older than David, a brave young fellow, who already was a soldier, because he was the son of King Saul. His name was Jonathan. And as this young man stood there watching David and noticing what was said between him and his father, it seemed as if the heart of Jonathan went out of itself to the boy David, right then and there. He said to himself: "That is the kind of a man I should like

to have for my friend." And what is more, David, also looking at Jonathan, had the same feeling for his own part. The moment they looked at each other they felt drawn together. As I have told you in my story, it came to pass that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul, and it was just the same with David toward Jonathan.

Then Jonathan, who was dressed, of course, in a special way as the son of the king, unlike his friend, and feeling that he wanted to have David honored like himself, at once stripped himself of the robe that was upon him and gave it to David, and his apparel, even to his sword and to his bow and to his girdle.

It goes without saying that David, after his great deed, was not allowed to go back to his father in order to tend his father's sheep. A brave young man like this was needed in the army. I suppose the father at home must have been rather sad over it all, for he had loved the boy very much, and surely did not want to part with him. But he knew that the time had now come when the Children of Israel must take their stand and fight the Philistines. He was willing, therefore, that his boy David should remain in the army. As we are told, Saul took David that day and would not let him go to his father's house. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him and behaved himself wisely. And Saul set him over the men of war, and it was good in the sight of all the people and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

One would have fancied that all would now go well between David and Saul, inasmuch as David was a modest young man and not given to bragging or boasting in any way. But the trouble was that a change came over Saul himself. He had not been the same man since he had disobeyed the command of the Great Ruler, as you remember. When a man once breaks a rule that way and does what he knew he ought not to have done, it very often changes his whole spirit. He begins to have mean or bad feelings such as he may never have had before. And it was just so with Saul. I think if the king had not disobeyed at that time after what Samuel had said to him, that no trouble would ever have come between David and Saul.

But as it was, something unpleasant happened. It seems that when the army returned with David and Saul from the slaughter of the Philistines the women came out of the cities to welcome King Saul. And it was the custom in those days for them to come singing and dancing with timbrels, with joy, and with instrument of music; and this is what they sang: "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." Now, of course, this had not really taken place; David had not slain ten thousand men; but this was a way of showing how the people felt in the way that David had killed a great giant, and so had given courage to the army. It was as though he had slain thousands of the Philistines because he had killed their leader. You might have fancied that Saul would have been pleased over this, knowing that David was only a boy, and that it was only a feeling of joy on the part of the people over the bravery of a young Israelite. But the trouble was, Saul was not the same man he used to be. Instead of being pleased over the singing of the women, he became very angry and had a great feeling of jealousy against David. Think how contemptible this was, that strong, mighty king being jealous of a young boy! Wouldn't you suppose that he would be ashamed of himself and want to hide the feeling? But, as we are told, Saul was very wroth, for this saying displeased him, and he said: "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but a thousand. And what can he have more, but the kingdom?"

Then and there Saul wished he had not kept David as a soldier in the army. He was curiously jealous of him, and instead of being kind to him wanted to kill him. This was pretty hard for poor David after the service he had shown to Saul and the whole army. Instead of being praised for what he had done he saw an unpleasant look on the face of Saul now whenever they met. As we are told, Saul eyed David from that day forward.

The very next day David found out how Saul felt toward him. It seems that the young boy David knew how to play the harp. He must have learned this as a shepherd. And it so happened that Saul was given to having very unpleasant moods, when he could scarcely control himself. This must have been a good deal worse since that evil act which he had been guilty of. And when Saul learned that David could play the harp he asked the lad to come into his tent and play for him in order to quiet those moods. But one day as David was playing, I am sorry to say the bad feelings grew worse and worse in the heart of Saul. He kept thinking about what the women had sung, and he grew more and more jealous of the boy. And Saul had his spear in his hand, and he cast the spear, saying: "I will smite David." But David was able to dodge and fled from the tent.

After that Saul tried very hard to control himself, and for a time he succeeded. He made David captain in the army, and David went out and came in before the people, and David behaved himself wisely in all his ways. And when Saul saw that David behaved himself wisely he stood in awe of David. It often happens, you know, that people have to admire a certain person in spite of themselves, if that person is really superior to them and behaves better than they do. They may hate him and wish to do him injury, but in other ways they cannot help looking up to him and admiring him. David was that sort of a person. And all Israel loved David because of what he had done, and also because of the kind of a young man he was.

I must tell you a little more at this time of what happened between David and Saul. It seems that David and the daughter of the king found that they were loving each other, and they wished to become man and wife. This was told Saul, and you may suppose that he would be very angry indeed over it all, inasmuch as he had such bad feelings toward David. And as a matter of fact, he was very angry indeed; but in another way it pleased him very much, and I will explain why.

You see, Saul said to himself: "If David is in love with my daughter, then I will tell him that before he can have her for his wife he must show himself very brave as a soldier and kill one hundred of the Philistines, our enemies." He thought if this command was laid upon David, then David would try to do this for his love, in order to show how brave he was, and then be killed by the Philistines. This all strikes us as very low and mean, and our feeling for Saul has to change very much. According to my story, Michal, Saul's daughter, loved David. They told the king, and the thing pleased him. And Saul said, I will give him to her in order that it may be a snare to him and destroy him." And he said to his servants: "Talk with David secretly, and say, 'Behold, the king hath delight in thee and all his servants love thee, and therefore be the king's son-in-law. The king, however, desireth not any dowry, but that you should kill one hundred of our enemies, the Philistines.'" And when his servants told David these words, it pleased David well.

It was no easy matter to go out and fight with the Philistines, for they were a dangerous people; but David was a brave man; he thought not only of his love for Michal, the king's daughter, but of the serv-

ice he would do for the Children of Israel in making war upon their enemies. He took his armor, therefore, and went forth determined to succeed or die. I fancy the Philistines must have remembered him, the young man who had killed their leader, and they must have been sore afraid. But, be it as it may, he went ahead and slaughtered two hundred of them, twice as many as required by Saul. When this was made known to the king there was nothing left for Saul to do but to keep his word, and he gave his daughter to be the wife of David.

TO THE TEACHER: This could be treated as a lesson in jealousy. The source of it all must be traced to the first sin of disobedience. The judgment pronounced upon Saul by Samuel still followed him, and his conscience somehow justified it. Point out how the mean feeling seemed to conquer all the other good feelings once he had had. The story is a sad and painful one. Yet it must be told because of its importance in connection with the whole narrative. Emphasis could be laid on the low underhand conduct which this jealousy led to, on the part of Saul.

Apropos the Presbyterian Change of Faith.

THE RELIGION OF DESPAIR.

Joseph Cook says: "Human nature is such that only a few among millions accept the essential Christ of conscience." Calvin says: "I ask how it happened that the Fall of Adam involved so many nations with their infant children in eternal death without remedy; but that such was God's will?" Spurgeon says: "Can we go to our beds and sleep while China, Japan, India and other nations are being damned?" St. Chrysostom says: "How many think you are there in our city who will be saved? It is a terrible truth I am about to utter, yet I will speak it. Among so many thousands one hundred cannot be found who will be saved." The American Board of Foreign Missions says in a tract entitled "The Grand Motive Power to Missionary Effort:" "Six hundred millions of deathless souls on the brink of Hell! What a spectacle."

The Synod of Dort says: "That there is an election and reprobation of infants no less than of adults we cannot deny in the face of God who hates and loves unborn children."

Rev. Dr. Pond says: "The conclusion is inevitable that the great body of the heathen are descending in fearful multitudes down to the chambers of eternal death. No less than six hundred millions of the inhabitants of the globe are heathen—a broad current rushing downward into the lake that burneth with unquenchable fire."

Jeremy Taylor says: "Phalan roasted men in a brazen bull; that was joy compared with the fire of Hell; husbands shall see their wives, parents their children tormented before their eyes."

John Calvin says: "Forever harassed with a dreadful tempest they shall feel themselves torn asunder by an angry God."

Rev. Dr. Skinner, a man of saintly sweetness, says that the missionary movement is an effort "to evangelize the nations of the earth while by twenty millions a year, during eighteen centuries they have been passing to their eternal destiny, strangers to the influence of God's recovering grace.." That makes for 1,882 years 37,640,000,000, and a small fraction left over for the elect. But this same Dr. S. once said to me in private, "One thing terribly troubles me, how God could eternally damn so good a man as John Foster—I couldn't." John Foster was a Universalist.

Jonathan Edwards says: "The sight of Hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever. When they see others who were of the same nature, and born under the same circumstances, plunged in such misery, and they so distinguished; O it will make them sensible how happy they are." "Those wicked men who shall go to hell from under the labors of pious ministers will see those ministers rejoicing upon the occasion of their destruction." "You will then see your parents praising God for executing just vengeance on you; when they shall see you in the lowest depths of despair, and shall hear you groan and gnash your teeth they will not be moved at all to pity you; when they shall see you turned away and beginning to enter the great furnace and shall see how you shrink at it, and hear you shriek and cry out, yet they will not be at all grieved for you, but you will hear their renewed praises of God for so dealing with you."

Albert Barnes says in his famous essay on Justification:

"No one trained in a Christian community can be ignorant of the account of our race which the Bible gives."

"They are the charges of our Maker and final Judge."

"They are the most fearful of all accusations which can be brought against a creature."

"The charge extends to every human being."

"It is charged that each and every one is of such a character that the eternal pains of Hell would be an adequate recompense for his crime."

"No form of religion, no flood of tears, no framing of the life by an outward law, no acts of self-denial, no fastings, prayers or almsgivings can wipe away the deep stains of past guilt on the soul, or constitute an expiation."

"You may be saved, but it must be wholly by the merits of another."

"A moment might cut you off from the land of the living and from the possibility of being saved."

"You may be saved, but only by making up the mind to a willingness to be saved in the same way as the vilest of the species—to a willingness to acknowledge that you ought to be doomed to unspeakable torments in Hell."

"One grand doctrine distinguishes the redeemed, that they are redeemed by the blood of the same Saviour."

"Justification on the Gospel plan denotes a purpose on the part of God to treat a sinner as if he were righteous."

"The man who is justified ceases to be ill deserving in the proper sense of the word."

"Faith is required or made a condition of justification."

This was called "liberal" "new school theology," and so far from being strict enough, that Mr. Barnes was cut off from the Presbyterian Church. Yet it sends to Hell every human being who has not personal faith in Jesus, possibly excepting infants.

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains."

Brown's Catechism, for sale by the Sunday School Union, says:

"What kind of a heart have you by nature? A heart full of all unrighteousness.

"What will become of you if you die in your sins? I must go to Hell.

"What kind of a place is Hell? A place of endless torment.

"How long will the wicked continue in Hell? Forever and ever.

"What will they do in Hell? They will roar, curse and blaspheme.

"What are you by nature? An enemy to God, a child of Satan and an heir of Hell."

Prof. Park, of Andover Theological Seminary, says:

"Nothing intervenes between death and the judgment; men who are lost when they die are lost forever."

THE RELIGION OF HOPE.

Jesus says: "Take heed that ye despise *not one* of these little ones; for I say unto you that in Heaven their angels do always behold the fact of my Father. It is not the will of your Father that *one* of those little ones shall perish."

"If ye forgive men their trespasses your heavenly Father will also forgive your trespasses" (no atonement by blood in that).

Dr. Bellows says: "How can men truly believe such doctrines as their creeds contain and yet stop to build elegant churches from which to sound the alarm to sinners waiting for it on velvet cushions with the light let in through stained glass; with pleasant organ stops and soft voices ringing the dreadful warning in mellifluous strains?"

Emerson says: "The great believer is always reckoned an infidel, impracticable, fantastic, atheistic. I believe he says in the moral design of the universe; it exists hospitably for the weal of souls; but your dogmas seem to me to be caricatures; why should I make believe them?"

Longfellow says:

"And most of all thank God for this,
The war and waste of clashing creeds,
Now ends in words and not in deeds.
And no one suffers loss or bleeds;
For thoughts that men call heresies.
Must it be Calvin and not Christ?
Must it be Athænism creeds
Or holy water, books and beads?
For others a diviner creed,
Is living in the life they lead;
The passing of their beautiful feet,
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat,
Old Fullers sayings, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above."

Jesus says: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another. By *this* shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one to another."

Renan says: "To have made himself so beloved 'that after his death they did not cease to love him,' this was the crowning work of Jesus. His work was so little dogmatical that he never thought of writing it or having it written. A man became his disciple not by believing this or that, but by following him and loving him."

Huxley says: "Ecclesiastical people are in the habit of calling things they do not like by any hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I make as blasphemous, yet I should like to see a scientific Sunday-school in every parish. I cannot but think that there is room for all of us to work in helping to bridge over the great abyss of ignorance which lies at our feet. If any object that it will dishonor God, on a special day, to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder of the works called His, and to teach those laws which must be His laws, there must be something very wrong in their logic."

Agassiz says: "You say I must be reverent when you read the Word of God in your houses; I say you should be reverent when you behold God in his works beyond the confines of all houses. The true Church of God is the Universe."

Herbert Spencer says: "The truly honest man does the right thing with a simple feeling of satisfaction in doing it, and is impatient if anything prevents him from having the satisfaction of doing it."

Tennyson says:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds."

Thomas Paine says: "I believe in one God and no more; and hope for happiness beyond this life, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy."

Bayard Taylor says:

"God's larger life ye cannot miss,
In gladly, nobly using this.
Not Lord of race is He afar,
Of man or Earth or any Star,
But of the inconceivable All."

Tennyson says:

"Oh, yes, we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill;
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

Lincoln says: "When you show me a church based on the Golden Rule as its only creed then I will unite with it."

When Emerson died old Father Taylor said: "If he should go to Hell it would change the climate, and the tide of emigration would set that way."

Ruskin says: "The best prayer at the beginning of the day is that we may not lose its moments; and the best grace before meat is the consciousness that we have earned our dinner."

Henry James says: "Let me assure you my sleep is never disturbed about the destiny of the wicked, I feel much more concern about the future state of the righteous."

Whittier says:

"To one fixed stake my spirit clings,
I know that God is good;
Not mine to look when cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him,
Which evil is in me."

An old Scotch woman wished to be buried among "the puir unchristened bairns" that she might be "a mither to them on the resurrection morn." More of Christ in that than in a haystack of your creeds.

E. P. POWELL.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Colonial Government.*

Those who have read Professor Reinsch's "World Politics," which appeared some fifteen months since, will not neglect the book he has now published on an allied subject. Hardly can we promise them a pleasure here equal to the former and there may be some disappointment in the fact that our own colonial affairs are barely touched upon. Doubtless the touch will be more intimate in a third volume that is promised and which is to deal with problems of colonial administration as distinguished from institutional forms. Meantime only the dullest of the dull can fail to draw certain inferences pertinent to our own affairs from what Professor Reinsch has written. He deprecates at the outset our happy confidence that we are absolved by the novelty of our circumstances from attention to old-world tendencies and results. The novelty of our circumstances is confined to our exploitation of a virgin continent and does not extend to those involved in our projection of ourselves on the colonial lines that are rutted deep with centuries of travel and the grind of long traditional abuse.

Professor Reinsch divides his book into three parts and in the first he treats of "Motives and Methods of Colonization" under five heads: "Movements of Population," "Missionary Work," "Individual Enterprise, Exploration, and Adventure," "Commerce and Com-

* Colonial Government. An Introduction to the Study of Colonial Institutions. By Professor Paul S. Reinsch, of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin. New York. The Macmillan Company. 1902. Half Leather. 12mo. pp. 386. $1.25 net.

munication," and "Capitalistic Expansion." The various distinctions are made intelligently and carefully, with apt illustrations. Under the head of "Missionary Work" the mixture of politics with this is deprecated in the frankest manner. France and Germany have found dead missionaries their best assets and the same process which has opened Chinese territory to their exploitation has closed the minds of Chinese to influences that have such sinister implications.

In PartII. we have a nice discrimination of "Forms of Colonial Government"; first the much talked of "Spheres of Influence"; next "Colonial Protectorates," with a distinct leaning to these as one of the most promising forms in situations like our own at present in the Philippines. Chapters follow on "Chartered Companies," "Direct Administration," "Self-Governing Colonies," and "Colonial Federation." There is due warning of the danger of attempting to make over native societies into the image of their conquerors. "Experience shows that nowhere in the world can the natives be helped by having even the most perfect institutions worked out for them; the only way to benefit them in reality is to give them an opportunity to help themselves by developing in a natural manner their own customs and institutions."

Part III. has for its general subject "Institutions of Colonial Government," and these are treated first with reference to the mother country and then with reference to the colonies. Take the book as a whole and a more timely one could hardly be imagined. The sooner our editors and legislators who are writing and speaking on colonial subjects contrive to get a copy, the better it will be for them and those whom they address. To turn from Professor Reinsch's book to the speeches made by congressmen, for the most part, is as if we dropped a scale in the ranks of intellectual being, from the high-cultured to the prehistoric man. Those who wish to pursue this subject to the utmost length and will find all the help they need in the lists of books which make a notable addition to Professor Reinsch's successive chapters. J. W. C.

Proceedings of the Montana Historical Society.

In trying to keep up with our own literary output we are apt to overlook the excellent work that our frontier states are doing in collecting and preserving their early history, which would otherwise so soon be lost.

The third volume of proceedings of the Montana Historical Society just come to hand with its pretty red binding and creditable printing, is full of this material on which future historians must depend if they would tell the whole history of these United States. Their own adventures simply told by the hunters and trappers, miners and Indian fighters, whose brains and muscles have formed the bridge over which we have marched to empire, rouse one like the peal of a trumpet and resounding through the corridors of future centuries will be as seductive to our children as "the horn on Fontarabian echoes borne," and why not?

Foresight, courage, alertness, patience and fortitude under mistfortune are virtues ever dear to our hearts, whether exercised at Roncesvalles or on the Big Horn, and if to these the hero adds the tongue of the courtier and the astuteness of the politician he becomes doubly formidable. Indeed, in these naive narratives amid the doings of these brave pioneers one receives the impression that while the innocence of the dove is not much in demand the wisdom of the serpent is as thoroughly to the fore as it was in Eden, whether evidenced by gifts used to placate the powerful or by the care taken to observe the million strict conventionalities of the supposedly unconventional Indian and so run the better chance of beating him at his own game of wiliness.

One of the most able of these forest statesmen, a government scout, successful both in war and council, begins his outfitting by giving a beautiful pony to the quartermaster's daughter, whereby he gains the choice of all the choicest stores in said quartermaster's department. This, as he sagely says, shows that one at all times should be courteous and kind to his associates. He then proceeds, splendidly equipped and armed, but with only one associate, to pass quite unscathed through the whole belt of Northwestern Indian tribes, mostly hostile, armed, however, with an official document, which he translates into sign language as he goes along and reads differently to each tribe, as he discovers its temper and prejudices. Could Pauncefote, or our own Lowell, handle diplomatic ribbons more successfully?

But while some of us may deprecate the supposed necessity of meeting guile with guile, and violence with violence, as in this book, it is taken for granted that we must, we can all appreciate this list of the other accomplishments needed by these sylvan ambassadors, which we quote from a sketch of W. T. Hamilton, one of the most successful of their number.

"He is educated in that vast university which, for want of a more comprehensive term, is called woodcraft. Endowed with a scientific trend of thought and observation, all nature to him is like a library to the cloistered recluse. Trained from youth to observe, no detail is so trivial as to escape attention. The wind tells him whether the fish will bite; ripening berries suggest bear and grouse; the deer track bears the date of its impress and also tells whether made in play or fight; the calls of the magpie and the jay are understood, while the changing visions of sky and cloud are the signal banners flung out by the weather gods for the information of those who, like him, can understand."

Surely if Milton and Hampden and Cromwell may all lie peacefully together in a country churchyard, here is a more wonderful thing, Darwin and Agassiz, Tamurlane and Talleyrand, all rolled into one by nature and necessity combined and sent forth to give the world assurance of a MAN.

But if these ten or twelve little hero-stories delight one there is another side and a sad one. No one we believe, can help feeling sorry for the "under dog" in this struggle—the disinherited and fast-disappearing red man. It is but too evident in these narratives that every trick and device known to civilization was used against him as a matter of course, and as soon as the white man had taken his home, he was treated as a "rebel" for trying to regain it. One of these accounts begins by detailing the execution of eleven chiefs by Col. Wright after trial by drum-head court-martial "in order," as we are told, "to put a quietus upon any further hostile demonstrations by these turbulent tribes."

All honor to the virtues of our individual pioneers, but let us not allow the fanfare of triumph to drown for us the cries of these victims to our march of empire, or in dealing with the survivors, cease to remember that the blood of our brother calleth to us from the ground. C. S. K.

It was down south that a woman, going one morning to call upon a friend, was met at the door by a small boy of the family, who opened it for her politely.

"Good morning, honey," she said. "Is your mamma engaged?"

That was a poser, and the child thought for a moment, forgetting to invite the guest to enter.

"I fink," he said finally, having seriously considered the matter, "I fink she's married."

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—If we would abide with our Heavenly Father, we must co-operate with him here perpetually.

MON.—Simplicity is forgetfulness of self. It deals with what is, rather than with what seems to be. Man is never so sincere as in his idle moments.

TUES.—Whichever way the balance may incline, none ever give without receiving, and none can receive without giving.

WED.—It is only among the seekers after excellence that there is room for the gratification of the desires of all.

THURS.—Who seeks to love the Lord must obey first, and understand afterward.

FRI.—In the complexity of our desires we are slaves; but in their simplicity we become free.

SAT.—There is nothing abstract in the nature of the Deity. He is operating perpetually upon all nature.

Mary G. Chandler.

My Baby To-Night.

As I sit by his cot, holding fast the soft hand,
And the bright eyes are closed till the dawn,
I am thinking how sweetly from sweet "Babyland"
My darling is hastening on.
But whatever the future, whether gloomy or bright,
He is all mine just now; he's my baby tonight.

Some day he will go out into the world,
And mix in its toil and its strife,
And "mother" will be, though still loved and dear,
But one of the parts of his life.
But now, all the day, I'm his joy and his light;
Yes, sovereign am I! He's my baby tonight.

And some time, ah! some time another will come,
Of all the most fair and most dear,
And as she fills up his heart and his home,
Poor mother will seem far less near.
I wish him that day, of all days the most bright:
But that sweetheart's not here—he's my baby tonight!

And then the grave man, battling bravely the wrong,
And stanch for his home and his land,
I pray that his soul may be kept pure and strong,
As I sit by his cot, holding fast the wee hand.
But that brave noble man is not this tiny wight,
I'm his guardian now—he's my baby tonight!
And then, when the years bring their griefs and their woes,
And he comes to my knee once again,
And, forgetting his years and his trials and foes,
Sobs away in sweet tears all hsi pain,
May I say as I look in his dear eyes' soft light:
"God has kept him from sin! He's my baby tonight."

—Western Christian Advocate...

Nature's Recompense.

"Down in Esplanade avenue, near Bayou St. John, there lives a lady who has given much study to birds and fishes," said a gentleman who lives in the old quarter, "and she has quite an interesting collection at this time. She is Mrs. Sudier, and there is scarcely a better posted woman in the country when it comes to of the habits and modes of living of canary birds and gold fishes particularly. She has made a close study of the habits and modes of living canary birds and gold fishes. Some time ago she found an afflicted canary which had just come pecked through the shell. The bird had club feet. It could not get around as well as the others, could not swing as gracefully, could not climb to the side of the cage with so much ease, and there was much pathos about the way the little fellow acted. The baby canary seemed to realize that there was a difference between himself somehow and the other birds that hopped and fluttered around in their cages with so much ease and grace. But directly the little fellow began to sing, and his singing was a revelation. He was the sweetest singer in the lot. His throat seemed to have a silver lining, and the notes gurgled out like the laughter of a brook. He was a genius in trilling and twittering after the fashion of his kind. Mrs. Sudier soon discovered the rare singing qualities of the little crippled canary, and became more attached to it than ever before. The little fellow became the particular pet of the whole flock. But its owner decided to part with it. Out in Tulane avenue there is a little hospital, and it is filled with little children, all of them afflicted in one way or another. They all came into the world crippled in some way. The little canary genius, with its club feet, was sent out to the children's hospital, and he is out there now, swinging in his awkward way and singing to the crippled children of the institution. Mrs. Sudier thought it would be an object lesson for the little children. So the little bird is out there now singing to the afflicted little children, and he is no doubt a source of great inspiration to them. It is a pretty lesson."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Prince and the Daisy.

A prince went into the vineyard to examine it. He came to a peach tree, and said: "What are you doing for me?" The tree said: "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hangs the fruit which men will gather and carry into the palace for you." "Well done," said the prince.

To the chestnut he said: "What are you doing?"

"I am making nests for the birds, and shelter cattle with my leaves and spreading branches." "Well done," said the prince.

Then he went down to the meadow and asked the grass what it was doing. "We are giving our lives for others, for your sheep and cattle, that they may be nourished." And the prince said, "Well done."

Last of all he asked the tiny daisy what it was doing, and the daisy said: "Nothing, nothing. I cannot make a nesting place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter for the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even give food for the sheep and cows—they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is, to be the best little daisy I can be." And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said: "There is none better than thee."—*Selected.*

Three O'clock in the Morning.

While over the world is silence deep,
In the twilight of early dawning,
The robins begin to twitter and peep,
As if they were talking in their sleep,
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps the little ones stir and complain
That it's time to be up and doing;
And the motherbird sings a drowsy strain
To coax them back to their dreams again,
Though distant cocks are crowing.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest,
Hidden and leaf-enfolded;
For we do not often hear it confessed,
When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,
That "a little bird has told it?"

It may be they speak of an autumn day
When, with a feathered roamer,
Under the clouds so cold and gray,
Over the hills they take their way,
In search of the vanished summer.

Perhaps—but the question is wrapped in doubt,
They give me no hint or warning.
Listen, and tell me if you find out
What do the robins talk about
At three o'clock in the morning?

—The King's Own.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue,
Little boy and girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of graceful willow fringed its banks—
Half in thought, and half in play—
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;—
He was taller—most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro
(As she loitered, half in play,),
Chattering to Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of the cheek:—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
Then said, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crowned the brownness of his cheek,
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No; but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing, with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Stands a cottage, where today
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,—
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone:—
This is long and deep and wide,
And has rockers at the side.

JOSIE HUNT.

The Tower Hill Summer School.

Friday, July 18, a three days' rain began. But Tower Hill folk are undaunted by any sort of weather. Their spirits rose with the increase of the drip and dampness. The open air pavilion, wire screened, is partially enclosed at one end, in which is an open fireplace. Around this glowing hearth came those who had no fire in their rooms. Here also the children were rounded up in the afternoon for the playtime they could not have in the rain outside.

Friday and Saturday evenings Mr. Olmstead gave his bird talks, showing about one hundred stereopticon views. On Sunday the Hill buckboard was reinforced by conveyances from the valley, and all but two or three, who could not safely get wet, and so regretfully stayed behind, rode through the rain to hear Mr. Lazenby preach in Unity Chapel. The valley people were all there, too, in spite of the rain, and everybody felt amply repaid by the inspiring service and sermon. This little country church in the valley is a model in its simple beauty of architecture and furnishings. It is non-sectarian, or, better, pan-sectarian. It opens its hospitable doors to the earnest preacher of any faith, the honest bearer of any real message. Sunday evening, at the vesper service, Mr. Lazenby read from Auld Lang Syne. If he could have stayed longer on the Hill there is no question but he would have received a unanimous request for more of his revealing interpretations of Ian Maclaren and Barrie.

Tuesday night Mr. Jones gave his lecture on "Mother Bickerdyke, the Great Army Nurse." Thursday night he lectured on "Verestchagin's War Pictures," with stereopticon illustrations. Both these lectures are a ringing word for the abolition of war. Wherever heard they will make for peace.

The S. S. Normal work grows in interest. The dry bones of the early Christian leaders are clothed upon with flesh and blood. We feel the human touch and are thrilled by it. We behold Ignatius, Origen and the rest as one with ourselves, only lifted above us by their divine earnestness and heroism, which invite us to rise in our smaller realm of action into the same heroic quality of character. The once dry church history, because seen as a thing apart, unrelated, and therefore dead, is revealed at Tower Hill Summer School in its universal relations, as an organic part of the *world's* history. So taught it becomes living substance, full of juice, food for the soul.

This week the literature class have read Browning's "Ring and the Book." Not the entire poem, of course. That would be impossible in a week's time. Rather, we have listened with bated breath while Mr. Jones interpreted the most searching lines from Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia and The Pope. In some future visit to Tower Hill, more than one of us, I doubt not, would be glad to spend the entire season of ten or eleven weeks, with class and leader, on this Browning tableland, "The Ring and the Book."

This is an ideal place for nature study. The Hill abounds in many varieties of plant life, birds and insects. Miss Buhmann's enthusiastic class cheerfully forego their morning naps for the fascinations of a bird-walk in the cool still dawn.

Mrs. Hodgin last week told Unity readers how beautiful is this spot. Verily there is healing in these hills for both body and spirit. This peaceful place, nade no less but more restful by the study hours that bring us in touch with great thoughts, great souls, and the miracles of nature—this kind of vacation is the true recreation, the renewing of life.

MARGARET T. OLMSTEAD.

Tower Hill, July 24, 1902.

Foreign Notes.

THE SOCIALIST MAYOR OF MARSEILLES.—It is not in our own country alone that the mayors of certain large cities figure prominently in the public eye on account of their peculiar social views. The following pen-portrait of Dr. Flaissieres, the socialist mayor of Marseilles, is from a correspondent of the *Journal de Geneve*.

"Quite aside from any personal sympathy or antipathy one can but recognize in Mr. Flaissières a man of remarkable intelligence. For this reason I should think him worthy of exercising his talents in the national counsels, though, more than any one else, I regret that this minister's son, this southerner of good Huguenot stock, should have recently added to his program the destroying of the religious sentiment. This is fanaticism that one can hardly understand.

"All the harder is it to do so because in seeing and hearing him, Mr. Flaissières has quite the appearance of a good clergyman of the Reformed Church. The first time I saw him, at a political meeting, with his little round hat, his slight stoop, his white beard and long overcoat, I instinctively leaned over to my neighbor to ask: 'Who is that preacher who has strayed in here?'

"And when I heard this terrible internationalist, his face lighted up by a good-natured smile, discuss in calm, measured tones the economic questions most burning at Marseilles, I verily though myself facing a theologian elucidating with unction some point of dogma or catechetics.

"Add to this that moral questions have always especially

interested him. He alone of all in his position wished from the very beginning of his administration to close by force those wretched houses which are, as every one sees and knows, centers of debauchery. Alas! Mr. Flaissières found in his way contracts signed by less scrupulous mayors. All this has not hindered *La Croix* and other pious papers from persistenly accusing him of venality and corruption."

INDIAN PRINCES AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.—The *Indian Messenger* discusses as follows the pros and cons of the attendance of Hindu princes at the coronation:

"Taken all things together, the departure of so many Indian princes to England on the occasion of His Majesty's coronation will have decidedly good effects on the country's future. Some of these princes are masters of thousands and millions of human beings, and as such they can do immense good or evil to their dependents. Foreign travel may be expected to have salutary effects on the minds of the Indian princes by widening their ideas, giving them a juster conception of the world, and by a reasonable curbing of their oriental vanity. It is therefore a matter of sincere pleasure to see so many princes and noblemen proceeding to England. But at the same time one cannot help feeling a certain regret that such a large sum of money will be squandered by these magnates, especially at a time when there is so much distress at home. The expenses will, of course, ultimately fall upon the poor peasants. There is another thing to be said in this connection, the representatives are to be the guests of the king in London. But will the king himself, or the British government, pay for the hospitality to these invited guests? Oh, no; the bill will have to be paid by the poor Indian taxpayer. Does not this sound a good joke? However, we must submit to it. In the meanwhile we are not a little curious to know what penances the Hindu princes will have to submit to for their crossing the sea. Most of them will, of course, travel and dine with Europeans. And even when any one like the Maharaja, of Jeypore, may pretend to avoid the contact by the ludicrous process of sea voyage in Hindu lines, still sea is sea; and the crossing of sea itself it interdicted in the Hindu shastras. Now if the king's coronation can make sea voyages permissible for Hindus it will be a thrice-blessed event for His Majesty's Hindu subjects."

RELIGIOUS RETURNS OF THE LAST CENTURY IN INDIA.—According to *New India*, the figures of the last census show that "of all the religions in India, Christianity has been making the most rapid progress. Next to Christianity stands Islam, while Hinduism shows the lowest rate of increase."

The editor goes on to show that without more details than are furnished by the other tables of the census it would be impossible to say to which or how many of various causes this decline in the progress of Hinduism is due. He points out further that since Hinduism is essentially an ethnic, and therefore non-missionary system, while Christianity and Islam, being credal, are distinctly imbued with the missionary spirit, it would be manifestly unfair to start any comparison between them on the basis of the census figures.

"To compete with Christianity or Islam," says this writer, "Hinduism must change its ethnic character. But it is not possible to convert the large and liberal religion of the Hindus into a creed. The change, even if it were possible, would at this stage be absolutely undesirable. In the general history of religious evolution the credal stage stands no doubt higher than the ethnic stage, and credal religions are higher than ethnic religions. But the religion of the Hindus, though essentially ethnic in character, does not, however, really belong to the lower ethnic types. Through centuries of peculiar philosophic speculations and spiritual culture, Hinduism has been reaching out to the highest and universal phases of religious evolution even without the mediation of a distinct credal stage. Indeed, if anything, the universal elements in Hinduism are more developed and pronounced than they are perhaps in Christianity or Islam, and it would be wrong to classify Hinduism as a lower type because of its ethnic character.

"But though the absence of a missionary propaganda may prevent Hinduism from receiving converts from the outside, what, it may be asked, prevents it from keeping within its fold people who are born and bred up there? The increase in the number of Indian Christians indicates some loose screw somewhere in Hinduism, which makes these defections possible, and this is a matter for serious thought to every Hindu among us."

"It is significant," this article goes on to say, "that the largest number of converts comes from the lower castes of Hindus, mostly belonging to the non-Aryan stocks," and the answer to the question just raised is summed up in the following illustration and conclusion: "The converts come mostly from the lower and oppressed castes of the Malabar Hindus, and the outrageous caste restrictions of the province are mainly responsible for these defections from Hinduism. Next to the Nayars, but far below them, stand the Tiyas of Malabar. The Tiyas are a fine race of people, and they are mostly cultivators of the soil. They stand far above the Pariados. Yet they are not permitted to travel along the same public road with the Nambudris and the Nayars. As soon as a Nambudri or Nayar sees a Tiya coming his way, he raises his hand and cries out 'Ha! Ha!' to warn the poor man off his sacred neighborhood. The Tiyas are not allowed to go along any public road which passes by a temple. The Tiyas are not admitted into the Zamorin's College at Calicut. But they are gradually taking to modern education and some of them belong already to the learned professions and are in responsible positions. These naturally feel their social degradation keenly, and when the Tiya, who as a Hindu, was not permitted to travel along the same road with a Nambudri or a Nayar, is openly received in their houses as soon as he is baptised, the temptation to be converted naturally becomes very strong. This accounts for a large percentage of the increase of Christian populations in Malabar. The same remarks apply also to the Pariah populations of Madras; and conversions are most numerous in the South.

"Hinduism need not take to credal methods to protect itself against these missionary encroachments. All that is needed is a relaxation of the outrageous caste-restrictions. The don't-touchism of modern Hinduism is its weakest point. It is this which renders it so helpless against the attacks of Christianity with its gospel of social emancipation; and unless Hinduism puts off this outrageous don't-touchism it will gradually be depleted of its lower classes." M. E. H.

REV. N. A. HASKELL, who for some time ministered to an independent movement at Dubuque, Iowa, has returned, we believe for the third time, to the Unity Church of San Jose, Cal. This testifies to strong ties and to high service.

THORNTON MILLS is the name of a son of Rev. Benjamin Mills, who is following in his father's footsteps. He recently preached his maiden sermon at Santa Rosa, Cal.

The Choristers.

There's a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
'Neath the windows of my cottage, in the trees;
And with dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.
Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy the merry rout,
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;
And the fireflies furnish light,
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

All the night I hear them singing;
Through my head their tunes are ringing—
Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart;
Now the katydid and cricket,
From the deep of yonder thicket;
Then the croaking of frog off yonder drones his part.
By and by the moon appears,
As the midnight hour nears,
And smiles dispel the lowering mist and fog;
Then the mirth is at its height,
And they glorify the night—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

—*Philadelphia North American.*

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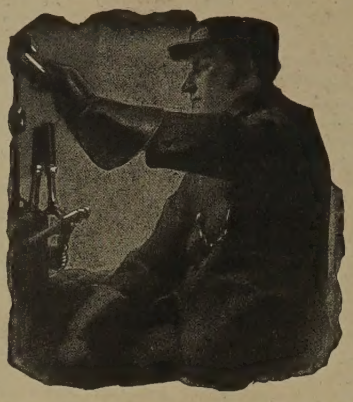

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